

THE
Literary Museum,
OR
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR
FEBRUARY, 1797.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We feel ourselves much indebted to our esteemed correspondent J. H. of Philadelphia, for his obliging letter. We are of opinion however, that if the circumstance he mentions, were adopted at this period it would occasion the displeasure of many of our readers.

Juvenilis, is too incorrect for insertion, if the author will condescend to our making some alterations, it shall appear in our next.

The piece signed Historicus, came too late for the present number. We would thank correspondents in forwarding their pieces, to make mention in their letters whether such communications are original or selected, in order to avoid mistakes,

Jack Button's Effay, is not worth a brass-button.

Philo's Complaint, of the inconstancy of his Betty: We advise the author by all means to execute his intentions, and "hang himself for spite."

THE
LITERARY MUSEUM,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1797.

Account of Mr. DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

THIS celebrated character, was the son of a farmer; and born at Norrington, about fourteen miles of the city of Philadelphia. His parents being incapable of giving him any other education than common reading and writing, intended to have brought him up to country business; but, blessed by nature with a mechanic turn of mind, he soon gave specimens of his ingenuity in making wooden clocks—this so recommend him to notice, as to give him an opportunity of learning the clock-making business. Being rather of a weak habit of body, he preferred this kind of employ to the laborious life of a farmer, and meeting with encouragement in his new pursuit, he was promoted to proceed with great assiduity in the study of mechanism, and at length attained to such perfection, as to profess himself a mathematical instrument maker. Astronomy next became the darling object of his pursuits, and procuring a few books on the subject, he directed the whole bent of his genius to the attainment of this science, and became a very practical astronomer.

Mr. Rittenhouse has been considered as “self-taught,” but this is not strictly true; for while he was engaged in these acquirements, the Rev. Mr. Barton, a learned episcopal clergyman of Lancaster county, married his sister; and he was so fortunate as to live in their family for some time. Mr. Barton admiring the simplicity of manners and natural genius of his brother-in-law, afforded him every assistance in his power, not only in the mathematics, but in several other branches of literature. Mr. Rittenhouse was indeed worthy of his notice, for he lost no time, and spared no pains to improve himself in knowledge as far as his limited education would permit.

The earliest part of his life thus spent in obscurity, and having very little knowledge of the vices and follies of mankind, he became entirely devoted to his mechanical and astronomical studies. The first public display of his ingenuity was in the year 1768, when he planned and finished his New Orrery, which excited universal admiration; and Mr. Jefferson has since even asserted, that "as an artist he had exhibited as great proofs of mechanic genius, as the world had ever produced."

This New Orrery greatly increased the fame of his ingenuity, and the trustees of the college of Philadelphia, in consideration, as they expressed it of his extraordinary progress and improvement in mechanics and mathematics, astronomy and other liberal arts and sciences, admitted him to the honorary degree of master of arts in that college. A short while after he communicated, by his friend Doctor Smith, to the American Philosophical Society, a projection of the transit of Venus, calculated from Halley's tables; and, in consequence thereof, he was appointed by them, with several other gentlemen, to make the necessary preparations for the observation of the transit at his house in Norrington.

This happened on the third of June, 1769, when Mr. Rittenhouse not only gave great satisfaction to the friends of science in America, but also obtained the approbation and applause of the astronomers of Europe; as his observation of this curious and noble phænomenon was esteemed very accurate and ingenious, and is preserved in the first volume of the proceedings of this society.—These transits are so very rare, that the opportunity of observing them becomes the more valuable. There never was but one seen prior to that observed in 1761, since the creation, and that by two persons only; and the present race of mankind may take their leave of them, as no other will happen until the ninth of December, 1874.

In the beginning of 1775, it was his turn to deliver his annual oration before the American Philosophical Society. This he undertook with diffidence, and making choice of his favorite study, astronomy for his theme, his performance met with general acceptance from the public. The oration was inscribed and dedicated, to the Deligates of the Thirteen United Colonies, then assembled in Congress; and at this early period, more than a year before the Declaration of Independence, our astronomer made a display of his whigism, in this address, by asserting, "that the future liberties, and consequently the virtue, improvement in science, and happiness of America, were intrusted to this newly congregated body."—In this little work, Mr. Rittenhouse gives a short account of the rise and progress of astronomy, takes notice of some of the most important discoveries that have been made in

in this science, and concludes with pointing out a few of its defects at this present time. The style of this oration is plain and unaffected, and there are some parts in it which will instruct and please the reader. His description of the changes that will follow from the procession of the equinoxes, is really elegant.—“Whatever other purposes (says he) this great law may answer, it will produce an amazing change in the appearance of the heavens; and so contribute to that endless variety which obtains throughout the works of nature. The seven stars that now adorn our winter skies, will take their turn to shine in summer. Sirius, that now shines with unrivalled lustre, amongst the gems of heaven, will sink below our horizon, and rise no more for many ages! Orion too, will disappear, and no longer afford our posterity a glimpse of glory beyond the skies! Glittering Capella, that now passes to the north of our zenith will near describe the equator; and Lyra, one of the brightest in the heavens, will become our polar star: whilst the present polar star, on account of its humble appearance shall pass unheeded, and all its long-continued, faithful services shall be forgotten!”

Having enumerated the most material discoveries that have been made in this sublime science, he makes the following grand and pious reflection. “Thus have we seen the materials collected, which were to compose the magnificent edifice of astronomical philosophy; collected, indeed, with infinite labour and industry, by a few volunteers in the service of human knowledge, and with an ardor not to be abated by the weakness of human nature, or the threatened loss of sight, one of the greatest of bodily misfortunes!

“It was now time for the great master-builder to appear, who was to rear up this whole splendid group of materials into due order and proportion. And it was, I make no doubt, by a particular appointment of Providence, that at this time the immortal Newton appeared.”

The reputation of Mr. Rittenhouse now extended far and wide, and his country were not unmindful of his merit. He enjoyed a professorship of astronomy in the college of Philadelphia, and was treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania upwards of twelve years, which he at last declined, on account of his bad state of health: however he was afterwards called upon to act as Director of the National Mint, but from a dissidence in the institution, he declined this also, to spend the short remainder of his life in the bosom of retirement.

While we contemplate this good citizen, as a philosopher and a man of science, it is with pleasure we remember his invariable attachment to the principles of Liberty. As an enlightened man,

Rittenhouse was a friend of the whole universe of rational beings; As an American, a lover of his country, possessed of an unwearied attention to serve her best interests. In private life, amiable and unassuming; in public, a firm and constant asserter of the rights of man, his name will be recorded with honour.

May his removal remind us of the certainty of our own! What, though he now lie in the dust, yet "his grave has eloquence; its lectures teach in silence, louder than divines can preach." Hear what it says, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

A SPANISH TALE.

IN the famous city of Tortosa dwelt a worthy gentleman called Sandoval de Carrera, whose fortune, though small, enabled him to live decently and quietly, without much trouble either to himself or his neighbours. He was married and had only one son, Diego, to whom he wished to give the best education his income would afford, that he might be fitted in due time to rise in the world, to a station beyond what the greatness of his father's intellects ever enabled him to reach. In the eleventh year of his son's age, he called a council of his friends to deliberate on this important subject, and particularly begged their advice whether young Diego should be educated at home in his native city, under the care of such masters as the place would afford, subject as he went along to the inspection and tuition of his parents, or be sent first to some great and respectable public school, and, afterwards, brought to maturity in the university of Salamanca.

Many were the arguments pro and con, which it is needless here to relate; the latter opinion at last prevailed, from the following consideration, urged by a learned corregidor, who assisted at the council, that boys at public schools are early initiated in a proper knowledge of mankind, and of those principles and maxims that must regulate their conduct in the world,---that there they acquire that proper degree of manliness and confidence which enables them to act with a due spirit in after-life---and lastly (a reason old Sandoval deemed of all others the most conclusive) that at public schools connection and friendships are formed, which prove of much advantage to a young man's advancement in the world. These considerations prevailed, and away was young Diego dispatched to a well known school about ten leagues from Barcelona where such was the fame of the masters, that near three hundred disciples, all lodged and boarded about the school, at that time attended.

Young

Young Diego, in usual form, was received into the number of scholars and assigned according to custom, as a fellow lodger with a boy several years older than himself, Juan Tornada, son of a Catalonian gentleman. The day after taking conjunct possession of his apartment, Diego was informed by his companion, that it was the universal rule in all great schools, for the younger boys to be subject to the elder and stronger, and for a time to submit with blind obedience to all the commands they might impose.

This doctrine was by no means palatable to our new disciple who thought it harder to digest than any rule in the latin grammar ; but as he hoped it was only in theory, and not meant to be reduced to practice, he did not chuse openly to declare his dissent. In the evening, however, Juan took care that it should not slip out of his mind for want of practical illustration ; and accordingly though, it then rained very hard, desired his fellow-student to go instantly to a village about half a league distant to bring him some fried oil, with which he wished to season an *olla podrida* for his supper.

Diego remonstrated, but his remonstrances met with the usual fate of complaints from an inferior, he was soundly drubbed by Tornada for disobedience, obliged to set off, sore as he was, on the errand, and as a punishment for attempting to revolt, compelled to pay the price of the oil, amounting to more maravedis than a school boy can always conveniently spare. This was only the beginning of our hero's subjections ; for next day Juan espied among his baggage an elegant high plumed hat, which old Sandoval had desired his son to use on days of public solemnity ; its appearance so inviting, that Diego was ordered to bring it forward for a nearer inspection : he did so, and Tornada took the opportunity of clapping it on his own head, giving in exchange an old worn-out cap, and replying only with a menacing look and a clenched fist to our hero's humble applications for restoration of his property.

Resistance, however, was vain ; the exchange was made and Diego saw his companion every day strutting in the ill-gotten spoils. He attempted to remonstrate to the master and the other boys ; but his remonstrances were received by the former with contempt, and by the latter with indignation, as an attempt to break through the established and universal practice of schools, and a second chastisement from Tornada effectually silenced all impertinent murmurs. These, with a few similar instances, happening in a speedy succession, soon impressed very deep on the mind of young Carrera the first maxim of conduct taught by a public school, that *might for the most part overcomes right.*

Though the submission of Diego was implicit, and regulated by the wholesome rule “vir sapit qui pauca loquitur,” (he is wise that speaks little,) yet it was but reluctant and constrained. He burned with desire, at least to regain the property he had lost, and his Catalonian wits soon taught him how this might be effectuated. Depridations had been committed on the head master’s garden, where fruits of the finest flavour were produced in perfection. Carrera unobserved found one evening an opportunity to convey over the wall the cap he had been forced to receive in exchange. In the morning this was found in the garden, inscribed with the name of Tornada. The master exulting that he had found out the pilferer of his fruit, summoned Juan to answer for the offence; the fatal cap was produced in evidence, and the owner, not daring to avow openly his oppression, made but a feeble defence. Sentence was pronounced against him, and a severe flogging gave an example to the school how dangerous it would be to trespass on the master’s premises. Diego professed great sorrow for the misfortunes of his companion; declared that a sudden blast of wind had carried the cap from his head over the wall; but could he have suspected the mishap this would have occasioned his dear Tornada, he wold haver isqued the danger of actually scaling the wall, rather than suffer it to remain on the fatal spot. Juan made no answer; but for fear of the wind repeating his impertinent visits, he found it would be proper to restore the high plumed hat to the real owner, and reserve for his own herd the worn-out cap. Diego thus attained his point, and was taught by this incident a second important lesson, well exhibited at publick schools that *flight for the most part overcomes might*.

The time of the vintage was now at hand, and the boys of this school formed a conspiracy for robbing and plundering a neighbouring vineyard. Diego was called upon to join in the enterprise. Old Sandoval had instilled into him the principles of justice and honesty, and he at once perceived that this attempt was not quite consistent with either. He said so to those who solicited his company, and in return was branded with the name of coward and traitor, lubberly dog and mean-spirited rascal. Unable to resist, he took part in spite of his scruples, and away marched the school-boys to the achievement of their project. The exploit was planned and executed with secrecy and success; the vineyard was pillaged, and our young heroes came home in triumph, loaded with the spoil. Diego, to wipe off the reproaches cast upon him, had exerted himself with spirit in the business; on his return he received the applauses of all his companions, and a double share of the plunder as the reward of his intrepidity:

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION

Of the BLUE MOUNTAINS in the State of New-York

[BY SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, ESQ.]

HAVING lately been on a visit to Chancellor Livingston, at his elegant seat in Claremont, several appearances in the fossils and minerals which I saw during the passage up Hudson's River, struck me as exceedingly curious. For in my way thither, I had sailed through the *Highlands*, or *Granitical* range of mountains, between Sotny-Point and Pollepell's Island, which the river penetrates without rapids. The *Limestone* country between Wapping's creek and Poughkeepsie lay on both sides of us, divided also by the river. Beyond this the *slaty* or *slaty* rocks began, and extended further north than at this time I travelled. The *Catskill Mountains*, standing directly in front of the Chancellor's house, appeared so grand in prospect to the west, and seemed so connected with what I observed during my passage, that I determined to take a nearer view. I accordingly visited them and ascended their highest elevations on the 24th, 25th and 26th of July, 1795.

These mountains are partly in Ulster, and partly in Albany county. They are commonly known by the name of the *Blue Mountains*, on account of a blueness or haze, which they present to the eye when seen from a distance. They are likewise called the *Catskill Mountains*, from a river of that name which issues from them and falls into the Hudson a little below Lumberland. They are considered, and perhaps with truth, the highest land in the state of New-York, and though by reason of their remoteness, not visible by mariners arriving on the coast, are however to be seen from a great distance inland.

They consist chiefly of sand-stone, (*lapis arenaceus*) which is grounded upon slate of a brittle and shivery texture (*schistus fragilis*) some of which when exposed to a high degree of heat, melts and gives evidence of a bituminous quality (*schistus pinguis*.) The layers of this mass of slate are of the vertical kind, and have an inclination of about from 60 to 80 degrees from the horizon; though in some places their order is disturbed, and there appears to be an irregular mixture or jumble of the materials together. In some places, quartz (*quartzum amorphum*) is blended with the slate; and in others, veins and fissures of the *schistus* are filled up with it (*quartzum grantulatum*.)

The mountains are supported upon this *slaty* foundation. The rocks are composed of flinty sand, or grit and pebbles of various sorts, conglutinated, and piled up in vast horizontal strata. The particles of grit are not impalpable, but are easily distinguisha-

ble, both by the sight and touch, seeming evidently to have been formed by attrition, prior to their being consolidated in their present form. The pebbles or small stones contained in the rock, are principally red and white quartz, sand-stone, and red jasper (diaspro rosso;) all of them are of small size, roundish and smooth, with every appearance of being water-worn, as they most exactly resemble the nodules laying on the beaches and shores of the Atlantic. Toward the tops are found petrifications and impressions of marine shells, some of which exist in an argillaceous, and some in a silicious ground; and it is remarkable of these, as well as of those found in the calcareous stone at Claverack and the flint near Poughkeepsie, that though the clam and scallop shells are very plain, there are evidences of other animals quite as easy to distinguish which are not found existing in our waters, nor along our coasts. The horizontal disposition of the strata continues from the base quite to the tops of the highest ridges, and a remarkable sameness prevails throughout the whole. The water is exceedingly pure and good, giving no particular indication of a saline, calcareous, or metallic tincture; though it was said iron ore was to be met with in certain valleys, and lime-stone in some places entered into the composition of the hills.

My expectation when I set out upon the expedition was, that the mountains were of the primary kind; but I experienced no small degree of surprise on finding all the facts before me bear witness of the recent formation of these huge masses. Every thing from the schistic foundation upward, had a modern look; though without pretending to determine precisely when the mountains were erected on their present foundation, the beholder cannot refrain looking back toward that time, when the creatures that inhabited the petrified shells were alive; to that more remote period, when the sand and gravel which formed the shores where they grew, first acquired their smallness and rotundity; and to the still more distant æra, when the waves of the ocean, after having comminuted and smoothed the latter, gave animation and nourishment to the former.

It may be remarked in general, that the course or direction of the ledges is, with variation of a few degrees, from north-east to south-west, in the primary, as well as in the secondary rocks; the arrangement here being no exception to the general rule prevailing through the continent.

Their most rugged and difficult ascent is on the eastern side, where perpendicular walls of different heights, from five to fifty feet, piled within each other, tier above tier, constitute, in some places, the rocky fabric and solid support of the mountains. *Ross's Quandary* is the most formidable of them that can be travelled

velled over. Their nakedness is relieved by a coat of mosses and of shrubs, bushes and capillary plants, springing out of their cracks and crevices, where ever they can adhere or insert their roots; as well as by the tall and stately trees, which cover the space between the top of one precipice and the bottom of the next. But notwithstanding this various covering, the larger divisions of the rocks can be seen for many miles, rising, as it were, step by step to the summit. Towards the west, there is no corresponding structure, but the land shelves away gradually toward Schoharie Kill, whose stream takes its rise in the mountains. The country behind them is consequently much more elevated than the tract between their foot and the Hudson; and by reason of their more easy access from that quarter, a number of the settlers who were discouraged by the eastern aspect, have ventured to come in from the westward.

Within half a mile of the spot where the waters divide, and run both east and west, there grow very large maple trees, (*acer saccharinum*) whence some of the families manufacture considerable quantities of sugar. A white pine measured five yards and a third in circumference, (*pinus strobus*). A hemlock was more than four feet across the stump, (*pinus Canadensis Linn.*) A wild cherry board, (*prunus Virginiana*) at a saw-mill, was thirty inches wide. Spruce trees of a size for spars and yards of ships are plentiful in the same neighbourhood. (*pinus Canadensis du Roy.*)

Our route to the place where this heavy timber grows, was between two ponds or lakes, surrounded by tall trees, and fringed with a green margin. They contain fishes, but as much of the water had evaporated during a drought which preceded the journey, they looked uninviting, and we did not approach near enough to throw in our lines. The waters issuing occasionally from these reservoirs, and collected from the rills trickling down the mountain sides, forms several brooks, which seeking their way through the valleys, travel along pebbly and rocky channels, to empty themselves into the North River. Two of these as they cross in their courses perpendicular masses of rocks, produce remarkable cataracts.

The first called William's Cascade, is on a branch of Kater's Kill, which, after a pretty rapid ascent along its bed, first pitches more than two fathoms, and then running a few rods further, falls in a most beautiful sheet down a steep, which measures a little distance of more than one hundred feet. The face of the rocks is worn somewhat circular, and is considerably excavated below. —The stream is of course, precipitated, to the bottom without impediment, and very much divided into spray by so long a passage

laze through the air. Between the fallen water and the ~~rock~~, the space is covered with verdure, and the whole distance from the bottom to the top is beautified with plants, which find room for their roots, between the crumbling layers and among the mouldering parts of the rock. The mosses maidenhairs, strawberries, sumachs, and spruces, which had fixed themselves here, give to the scene a very lively and pleasant air; and owing to the abundant evaporation, there is so little heat prevalent at this place that snow remains unmelted until near the middle of June, between the descending torrent and the rock from which it is projected. Both sides of the valley through which the water hastens away, are composed of steep and lofty rocks, supporting huge trees, chiefly of the ever-green kind; and along this there is an extensive view of the mountain sides towards the east. Among the fragments, which by the undermining of the waters below are, from time to time, breaking off in masses of many tons weight and rushing to the bottom, and some of which are now hanging almost in equipoise just ready to drop, the most luxuriant vegetation keeps out of sight the bare and disordered appearance, and in a good degree conceals behind its perpetual foliage, these ruinous and wreck-like appearances of nature. It luckily happened when we were there, the quantity of water was small, but from the size of the logs drifted down, and left by the subsiding freshets among the rocks of the channel; there was no difficulty in imagining how great and impetuous the flow must sometimes be, that could float such pieces of timber along and split them to shivers in their fall. From the edge of the bank, a little way off, where several large trees afford a firm hold, securing the spectator from slipping, a tolerable view can be obtained. There is something in it exceedingly picturesque, which under the pencil of an artist, would afford a sketch possessing much of novelty and peculiarity.

The other cataract, called *Mitchill's Falls*, is on Katers Kill itself. At a small distance from Wynkoop's Cave, and exactly at the precipice, the mountain seems to have been rent asunder, and receding to the right and left, leaves between its enormous and craggy piles, a deep and dreadful opening. This takes a turn toward the left, and winding along in that direction, the view is soon intercepted. From a point of elevated rock, a little to the left of the falls, the whole bend is full in prospect, extending like a vast amphitheatre from its commencement just on the right hand, to its termination by the intervening objects at the other extreme. A border of hemlocks and pines adorns the brow of the rocks; a like covering, mixed with laurels, (*Kalmia major*) and white cedars (*Thuja occidentalis*) adown the steep, imparts

to them perennial greenness : and the whole distance thence to the bottom of the chasm is skirted with similar trees and shrubs. Whether you look down or around, the prospect, though not extensive, is sublime and awful. The water in falling strikes a jutting portion of rock before it reaches the bottom, which is considerably more than two hundred feet below. To look down from the projecting layer of stone which forms the brink, is too dangerous for the most steady head. Our guide, who would not suffer such an experiment to be made, caused us to lay prone upon the rock, and then creep forward, until the precipice was fairly before our eyes; and while he had us thus by the feet, we got as perfect an idea as we could of that part of the scenery. As this, when contemplated under such circumstances, was not wholly satisfactory, and as it did not appear practicable without a very fatiguing and circuitous walk to descend the crags, and look at the cataract below, we reluctantly departed without seeing so much as we wished. Upon the whole, however, it may be safely observed, that though the quantity of water is less, these falls are more worth the seeing, than those of Passaic, the Cohoes, or the upper ones of the Mohawk.

On climbing the highest part, called the Round-Top, we frequently met with the paths of wild animals, in which the fresh tracks of bears and deers were very plain to be seen. As we ascended, the vegetable productions became so different, that we had now entered a new climate, for here the white and black birch, (*betula alba* and *nigra*) swamp sumack, (*rhus vernix*) balsam fir, (*pinus balsamea*) bals-wood, (*Thilia Americana*) with now and then an oak, (*quercus nigra*) were the principal trees; though even hereabout in some spots the spruce and hemlock grew plentifully, and among the underwood, besides the great and small moose-bush, grew the common gooseberry and blackberry. I had before observed the wild raspberry (*rubus odoratus*) and the English or garden raspberry, about half way up. The Round-Top is a round spot of several acres in extent. It is very thickly wooded, and its chief product, besides a few birches, is the balsam fir. This is generally small, as are many of the trees thereabout, there seeming to be a gradual diminution of their size as you ascend. Among the balsam trees, the principal plant of note is a wood sorrel, which I take to be the *Oxalis tomentosa*, plentifully and thrifitly growing.

From this circumstance of the top being not bald, but thickly covered with trees, it is fairly to be concluded, that not one of the Blue Range belongs to the *Alpine class of Mountains*, whose character it is to reach what is termed the second region of the atmosphere, or at least so high that no trees can grow erect upon them.

them. Alpine mountains then, of which those of Switzerland, New-Hampshire, Lapland and Peru, are instances, being such upon whose summits either no tree can grow, or if a tree should by accident be rooted there, it could not grow straight up, but weak and dwarfish, would creep like a shrub upon the ground, the Catskill Ridge has manifestly no claim to be enumerated with them. Besides, the want of Alpine plants is another weighty circumstance in determining their moderate elevation. Plants of this sort are mostly small, for they grow on the naked hills, exposed to all weather and winds; for the same reason, and because they usually grow in a barren soil, they are tough and hardy. Now, there is no evidence of sterility in this mountain top, nor were the *faxifraga nivalis* & *hypnoidea*, *rhodeola rosea*, *cerastrum tomentosum*, *labbaldia procubens*, *rumex digynus*, or any of the Alpine plants I had seen elsewhere in their native places, or that are to be met with in botanical enumerations, to be found here. Nor do I remember to have noticed a single willow, (*salix*) six or seven species of which are frequent in high stations.

From several places at and about the Round-Top, we climbed trees to enlarge our view of the surrounding objects. We at last, adopted the most effectual method of bringing them in sight, by cutting down the trees and opening an avenue. With some labour this was effected on the eastern side, whence a prospect of the country between the mountains and the Hudson was obtained, as well as of the river itself, and the vessels sailing up and down it; and of the tract extending eastward as far as the Taconick Mountain in Massachusetts; while from Kinderhook and beyond, further than Kingston, and the last stretching away southwardly on the other side of it, the eye comprehended the whole survey. From this place, called Cutting's View, the country laid as a map before us, and we took a bird's-eye-view of the hills, vales, woods and plantation we had travelled through in our passage here, which, on account of their distance, had now lost much of their distinctness, and, notwithstanding their inequality and roughness, appeared quite like a plain. We were now above the region of clouds, which condensing below obscured the view and for a time took every terrestrial object out of sight; but dissolving again, and from time to time breaking away, partial observations could be got of the subjacent objects; and these, as they appeared through the mist and disappeared, afforded, together with the phenomena of water suddenly precipitated from its solution in air, and quickly dissolved again, a curious and amusing spectacle. There was novelty in hearing thunder below us, and it was besides, delightful to behold from one spot, so extensive a tract of the most fertile and populous part of the state of New-York,

York, where the eye, instead of expatiating on inhospitable heaths and barren wastes, roves from one farm to another, and passes from improvement to improvement. This prospect will be greatly enlarged when the top shall be cleared of its wood; but even at this time, I recollect but one I think which surpassed it. This was in the west-highlands of North-Britain. The Scotch are very proud of their Loch-Lomond. And truly the lake, with its contained islands and neighbouring mountains, exhibited a mingled scene of beauty and sublimity. From the summit of Ben-Lomond there is the grandest prospect I ever enjoyed. Fortunately when I was on it, the weather was so serene and the atmosphere so free from clouds, that one of my companions who had ascended the mountain more than a dozen times, said he had never had so fair a day. Southward the lake, with its twenty islands, the village of Luss, the mansions of Cainstraddon and Bonhill, and beyond, Smollet's sumptuous monument, beside the river Leven, the town and castle of Dunbarton, and the firth of Clyde, appeared beautifully in view: further than these, Port Glasgow, Greenock, the islands of Bute and Arran, and the Craig of Aulfa, together with a part of Ayrshire and the Atlantic ocean, lay fairly displayed. Westward, besides Loch-Long and Loch-Fyne, several of the Hebrides, and, in particular, the heights of Isla, the paps of Jura, and the mountains of Mull, could be clearly discerned. Northward, the stupendous Highlands extending in the shires of Perth, Brecknock and Argyle, away towards Lochaber and Inverness, as far as the eye could comprehend, afforded a sight of rude grandeur and wild sublimity. Eastward Lochard, Enrick-water, Lechlow, the city and castle of Stirling, the hills of Fife-shire, the river Forth, and the arm of the German Sea were plainly seen; and had there not been a portion of haze toward the south, it was judged the castle of Edinburgh, Salsbury Craig, the Calton, and Pentland hills, and Arthur's seat might have been desir'd.

The Rein-deer moss (*lichen rangiferinus*) was frequently met with in the Blue Mountains; and the peat moss (*spagnum palustre*) thickly covered the rocks in the moist atmosphere of the tops. The arctic liverwort (*lichen arcticus*) was very plentiful on many of the rocks; and, in short, the species of cryptogamous plants were so numerous, that the Botanist who is fond of investigating them, might here find a great deal of employment.

On our return we crossed the High Peak, which next to the place we left, is the loftiest ridge, and found it covered with similar productions, particularly in *Lane's Swamp*, where the Balsam-firs grow so frequent, that a man cannot, without difficulty, force his way through them. From the east side of this, named

Smith's

Smith's Look-out, by cutting away some trees and boughs, a noble prospect of the country was once more procured.

For the information of those who may be disposed to visit these mountains, it may be not improper to mention, that the middle parts are much infested by rattle snakes (*Crotalus horridus*;) tho' I believe these serpents far less to be feared than common rumour allows, being convinced, both from my own experience and the information of others, that these seldom bite without provocation. The misfortune of loosing some of the quicksilver through the leather bag of the barometer, prevented my intended observations with that instrument; and the breaking of the stem of my thermometer in travelling through the thickets, deprived me of the satisfaction of ascertaining by experiment, the boiling point of water, ether and alcohol on the mountain tops. The difficulty of carrying such instruments on an expedition of this kind is excessive; yet there can be no doubt some more fortunate traveller will succeed in making these trials.

ACCOUNT OF THE EGYPTIAN PSYLLI.

YOU are acquainted with the Psylli of antiquity, those celebrated eaters of serpents, who amused themselves with the bite of vipers, and the credulity of the people. Cyrene, a town situate on the west of Alexandria, formerly a dependency of Egypt, reckoned a great many of these people among its inhabitants. You know that the unworthy Octavius, who wished to gratify his vanity by chaining Cleopatra to his triumphal car, vexed at seeing that haughty female escape from him by death, made one of the Psylli suck the wound made by the asp which bit her. The attempt was fruitless; the poison had already corrupted the mass of blood. She was not restored to life. Will you believe it, these very eaters of serpents still exist in our days. A fact to which I was a witness will convince you of it.

Last week was celebrated the feast of Sidi Ibrahim, which drew a vast concourse of people to Rosetto. A Turk permitted me to come to his house to see the procession. Seated at the window, I observed attentively this new spectacle. The different bodies of artizans gravely marched along under their respective banners. The standard of Mahomet, which was carried in triumph, attracted a vast crowd. Every body was desirous of touching, of kissing it, of putting it to his eyes. Such as were fortunate enough to partake of that favour returned contented. At length came the Cheiks, (the priest of the country) wearing long caps of leather, in the form of a mitre. They marched with

solemn steps chanting the Coran. A few paces behind them, I perceived a band of madmen, with their arms bare, and a wild look, holding in their hands enormous serpents, which were twisted round their bodies, and were endeavouring to make their escape. These Psylli, gripping them forcibly by the neck, avoided their bite, and notwithstanding their hissing tore them with their teeth, and ate them up alive, the blood streaming down from their polluted mouths. Others of the Psylli were striving to tear from them their prey; it was a struggle who should devour a serpent.

The populace followed them with amazement, and believed it to be a miracle. They pass for persons inspired, and possessed by a spirit who destroys the effect of the bite of the serpents. This description, which I give you after nature, at first frightened me, and then made me reflect on man, that strange being, for whom poison becomes food; that credulous being, whose eyes are not opened by the spectacle renewed every year; and who in the blindness of his ignorance, is ready to worship as a God, his fellow-creature who has the heart to impose upon his understanding. You see, those ancient usages are not lost in a country where custom, that imperious tyrant of the world, has peculiarly established her throne and her altars.

An account of MR. HOWARD, the celebrated Philanthropist.

[From PRATT's *Gleanings*.]

HOWARD had many singularities, but very few affectations. It was singular for mere mortal man to go about doing good for the sake of doing it; to devote his fortune and his life to explore the most neglected and the most forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them according to their several necessities—to begin the work of benevolence, where other people's bounty commonly ends it in a prison: all this, I say, was very singular, but wholly pure of affectation. Further, it was singular,—deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniences and to encounter the greatest dangers often of life itself, to accomplish the proposed ends of his philanthropy, since it is notorious that he traversed the earth, without any consideration of political distinctions or the nature of climate, in search of his objects, by which perseverance and intrepidity of resolution, he overcame all impediments that would have deterred many excellent persons from attempting the like enterprizes; and

made even those faint by the way, who, with like good hearts but with less firm minds, would have found themselves unequal to like undertakings; yet in Howard this was altogether unaffected; and before any man sets down any part of it to a love of being particular, or to a love of fame arising therefrom, let him well and truly examine his own heart, his own disposition, and see that he is not hunting about for an excuse to his own *want* of benevolence, or to his own *vanities* in being bountiful, by lowering the *principle* of benevolence in another. Let it not be imputed to John Howard as a dishonour, that he had enemies who, while they could not but applaud the blessed effects of his virtue, laboured to depreciate the cause; the Saviour of the whole world, whom perhaps of human creatures he most correctly imitated, had the same; and to resemble his divine example, even in the wrong that were heaped on his sacred head, is rather glory than shame.

He was singular in many of the common habits of life: for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and cloaths, to dry ones; and, both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, refreshed and invigorated as he said beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries: nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as depended on himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride, and where that was hazardous, he would walk; such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let or hindrance to stop him from keeping on in the right way, as madness. Ah, my friend! how much better would it be for their neighbours and for society, were they half as mad. Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. But indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic eccentricity by the cold hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments in the

the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who had ~~prerofol-~~ to set his face against wind and weather; and after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock in my room struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry cloaths.

Yes " said he, smiling," I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old busines of apprehensions, about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, does me as little injury; and after a long drought, is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on, has been as often wetted through as any duck's in the world, and indeed gets no other cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad-cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessities and nakedness, are a thousand times, so forcible is habit, less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatized by Pope, "who shivered at a breeze." All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgencies from the moment we come into the world; a soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified; on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe as it were in fire, avoid a tempest which sweetens the air as we would a blast that putrifies it, and guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night's lodging upon flint stones.

You smile "added Mr. Howard, after a pause" but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more puny whipster than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen; I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up; if I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. I was politely enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was occasionally troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced what emasculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions, which are of such use to us as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reformation of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this I used to be a miserable dependent on wind and weather; a little too much of either would postpone and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties; and every one knows that a pleasure or a duty deferred is often destroyed. Procrastination you very justly called the thief of time. And if pressed by my affections, or the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despight of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, nor seldom afflactive. I muffed up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like dislocation; and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spiritous cordials, and great fires were to comfort me and keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage; and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

Every man, "continued Mr. Howard," must in these cases be his own physician. He must prescribe for and practise on himself, I did this by a very simple, but, as you will think, a very severe regimen; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged.

To be continued in our next.

On

ON THE EXISTENCE OF A RACE OF GIANTS CALLED
 PATAGONIANS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THOUGH many and important discoveries have been made in the present century, and though much has been done towards acquiring a more extensive knowledge of the earth, its productions, and various inhabitants, there are still some countries, into which European industry has never been able to penetrate, and which, on that account, are either not at all, or but very imperfectly known.—Among these we may reckon the southern extremity of the New Continent, respecting the inhabitants of which many disputes have arisen. Is there in reality such a strange people as the Patagonians? or, are we to consider the history of their existence in the same light as that of the fabulous giants of antiquity? Is Mr. Buffon mistaken, when he affirms that nature bestows upon all her productions in America, a less size than upon those of the Old Continent? These questions, interesting both for philosophy and history, cannot be decided but by facts, and unfortunately several travellers, who have visited those remote regions, have mingled so much of the marvellous in their relations, that one can with difficulty give credit to any thing that seems contrary to the common course of nature, unless attested by a multitude of proofs. In the number of these are those which concern the Patagonians. Their existence indeed presents nothing that implies any contradiction: if nature in one country has produced men much smaller than those who inhabit the middle of Europe, why may she not also have given existence to others of a gigantic stature? We see the same variety in her different productions, and climate seems to have as much influence upon their measure, as upon their quality.—Besides the popular opinion of America is, that at the bottom of the southern peninsula, there is a people, whose stature far exceeds the common size of man, and this opinion has been changed into an historical fact by a number of travellers, several of whom have indeed exaggerated, and some have only spoken from the accounts of others.—Mr. Odman, however, has lately published a dissertation upon this subject in the Stockholm Gazette, which may in some measure, enable us to determine what opinion we ought to form concerning those people.

Garcillasso speaks of giants who inhabit these southern regions: their eyes, he says, are as large as an ordinary plate, and their

Stomachs are capable of digesting the food of fifty people, &c. Pigafetta, who accompanied Magellan, and who composed the journal of the discoveries of that celebrated navigator, relates, that in the Bay of St. Julian, under the 49th degree of southern latitude, a Patagonian came on board his vessel, whose stature was so great, that the Europeans scarcely reached to his girdle. At first he was very shy, and seemed afraid to approach; but the Europeans having imitated his gestures, which formed a kind of dance, and put ashes upon their heads, as he did, he assumed more courage, and partook of their food. However, having seen his own image in a mirror, he was so much frightened that he started backwards, and overturned four of the sailors. In another place, the same Pigafetta, gives the height of seven feet to a Patagonian, but he insinuates that there were some of them smaller; for he relates, that six of these people one day came on board, the shortest of whom was about the size of our tallest Europeans, and the six together eat up provisions allotted for twenty men. He adds that these Patagonians lived under tents, and fed upon flesh unsalted, and a root named *capas*.—Their hair was cut round, and several had the figure of a heart painted upon each cheek. The author of the relation supposes, that they were naturally jealous, because they sent away their wives, mounted on a kind of ases. Avgenfola seems to allude to this narrative, when he affirms from report, that there came on board Magellan's ship, men who were ten feet and an half in height. All these facts, however, were not admitted until the English and Dutch navigators confirmed them, or at least, gave such conclusive testimony as seemed to leave no doubt concerning their truth.

Drake saw in the same country, Patagonians, with whom, when the Europeans were compared, they appeared only like Laplanders; and Cavendish pretends, that he saw the traces of feet four times as large as his own; he says farther, that some of his crew were in great danger of being killed, by enormous stones thrown at them by these giants. A Dutch navigator in 1599, met with men of an extraordinary size. Schald de Vert informs us, that Patagonians ten or twelve feet in height, who were in a piroqua, fled when they heard the report of the Dutch muskets. Oliver Noort relates also that he saw giants in the same country. On the 2d of April 1615, Spilbergen saw on Terra del Fuego, a man of a monstrous size; and on the 11th of December, of the same year, the companions of Schouten found on those coasts skeletons nine or ten feet long.

After this epocha, travellers are silent with respect to the Patagonians, and we find no account of them for seventy years; but in 1695, Carman and Harrington saw more than an hundred of them

them together, one of whom had a crown of feathers upon his head and appeared to be a chief. Frezier speaks of the Patagonians, but he derived all his information from the Spaniards. Byron, however, formally attests their existence. This navigator tells us, that on the 22d of December, 1764, after having sailed for ten or twelve miles in the straits of Magellan, he saw upon the coast, men of an extraordinary bigness, who seemed by their gestures to indicate a desire that the English would land. Those of a moderate size appeared to be about eight feet in height, and the rest nine. They did not measure them, but guessed from their appearance. When sitting they were on a level with the Europeans who were standing. One of the officers who was six feet in height, could scarcely, when standing on tiptoe, reach with his hand to the top of the head of one of these giants. The journal of the English Admiral, represents them as being well made, of a copper color, and dressed in skins which descended to their knees, and which were fastened round their necks with a thong of leather. The women had a girdle, which kept this dress close to their bodies; all their faces were painted, and both sexes wore by way of ornament, collars and bracelets. Their hair was black and flowed over their shoulders. They appeared to be of a mild friendly disposition, and seemed to have a veneration for the sun. Several of them were on horse-back, and they placed their feet upon the mane, that they might not drag upon the ground. To these observations we ought to join the relation of two Frenchmen, Duclos Guyot, and Giraudais, who attested in such express terms the existence of the Patagonians, that the truth of it must now be fully established. In a voyage which they made, in the year 1766, they saw, more than once, some men of this race of giants. These navigators have characterized them almost in the same words as Byron. They were received by them with friendship, and they were able to converse with them, because they spoke a few words of some of the languages of Europe, which proves that they had been before visited by European travellers. They called their chief *captain*, and struck their breasts habitually pronouncing the word *buenos*. They readily eat bread, but hog's lard, grease, and the fat of the sea calf, were their favorite morsels; they would never taste wine. These navigators thought they perceived from their signs, that they adored nature in general. They wore for cloathing the skins of otters and hores. Their arms consisted of slings, and they threw to a great distance stone of an oval figure, with much dexterity and address. The Patagonians have broad visages, flat noses, large mouths and jaw-bones, and remarkably white teeth. They are very robust, generally corpulent and portly. According to the measure taken by

these

these late navigators, it appears that the robes or clokes of the smallest Patagonians, when put over the shoulders of a Frenchman five feet seven inches in height, dragged on the ground above a foot and a half, which gives seven feet, at the least, as the height of these giants. Mr. Odman concludes his dissertation, with accounting for the silence of many navigators respecting these people: the reason he assigns is, that the Patagonians do not always inhabit the coast, and retire during a certain time of the year to the interior parts of the country. Navigators who passed the straits at this period, could not therefore, properly ascertain their existence.

HERMAN OF UNNA;

A Series of Adventures of the fifteenth Century, in which the Proceedings of the Secret Tribunal under the Emperors Wenceslaus and Sigismund are delineated. Written in German by Professor Kramer.

THE Germans have much excelled, of late, in different branches of literary composition, the spirit and variety of their poets being no less remarkable than the erudition of their learned writers; though they may fall short of the English and the French in works of history and speculative philosophy, they have perhaps, borne away the palm in some other classes. The romance is not among the uncultivated fields of German literature; and, if we have been hitherto made acquainted only with the *Agathon* even of WIELAND, and have still to wish for the *Golden Mirror* and the *Peregrinus Proteus* of that fascinating writer; if we have only a feeble and defective translation of Goethe's *Werter*; if the *Ghost-seeer*, the *Wandering Jew*, and others, are even commonly known by name among us; yet several of their less distinguished novels have obtained a very extensive circulation in the country; and they attract the reader by a peculiarity of fable which has here the full force of originality.

Herman of Unna, the work of Professor Kramer of Kiel, has all this attraction. It delineates the manners of the fifteenth century with considerable fidelity; and although the secret tribunal* be

*The Secret Tribunal was a tolerated institution formerly existing in Westphalia, and particularly flourishing in the 15th century: the members of which were sworn, by horrible oaths, to the most inviolable secrecy—took cognisance of all crimes—and spared neither friend, relation,

be painted in colours somewhat too strong and gloomy for historic truth yet the effect produced by the description of its meetings is truly terrible, and the perpetual recurrence of its incomprehensible interference has all the *marvellousness*, without the *incredibility*, of supernatural agency.

The subject of this work is the *Loves of Herman and Ida*. Herman a poor nobleman, the page of the Emperor Wenceslaus, sees and loves Ida, the supposed daughter of Munster, a statuary; who conscious that he has no right to dispose of her hand, endeavours to prevent their interviews. They form however, a reciprocal attachment. At length Ida is introduced at court, pleases there; is found to be a daughter of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and the highest alliances await her acceptance. In the progress of the story she is accused of sorcery before the *secret tribunal*, and is absolved by means of her lover. He too is unjustly accused of the murder of a powerful rival; and being condemned to be assassinated by the familiars of the hidden jurisdiction, is actually and almost mortally wounded by the unwilling hand of his friend and kinsman, Ulrich.—Times of confusion arrive. Herman renders services to the king of Hungary and to Albert duke of Austria. Wirtemberg, the real father of Ida, is disappointed in his plans of ambition, and his consequence is depressed, while that of Herman rises. At length the inequality of the union disappears, and the lovers are made happy.

The incidents, although they are extraordinary, are quite in the spirit of the age. The characters are sufficiently varied and natural. That of Herman educated at a loose and profligate court, gradually improves by experience and adversity. That of Ida, reclusely brought up by a most worthy man, loses, perhaps, that exquisiteness of purity which might seem to have unfitted her for the world. This however, is conformable to the usual appearances of human nature; and thus the lovers are adapted to their walk of life at the time when they can begin it together.

Of the episodes, that of *Ulrich and Alicia* is the most interesting, but somewhat strained.

We relation, nor foe, when condemned by the tribunal. The number of members was so great, and they were so dispersed and unknown, that no condemned criminal ever escaped assassination from their vengeance; and they at length became so formidable, that it was found necessary to suppress them; but the shadow of them still remains in some parts of Germany. A farther account of this terrible institution is prefixed to these volumes, extracted from Baron Bock.

We shall insert two scenes before the secret tribunal.

“*Munster*, firmly relying on the innocence of *Ida*, the veracity of *Walter*, and the justice of the secret tribunal, waited with tranquility, and he waited not in vain: for, ere the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses were awoke, his daughter was in his arms.

“Thou art restored to me then!” cried *Munster* “thou art restored to me! thou art innocent!”

“I am indeed innocent: I swear it by that God who is my supreme judge; though no one will as yet declare me so. . . . Alas! your poor *Ida* is restored to you but for a short time. The avenging sword, still suspended over her head, hangs but by a thread. It is required that I should justify myself; and how shall I be able to do this, since there is every appearance against me? Oh! my father!”

Her sobs prevented her saying more; and leaning on the arm of *Munster*, they silently walked towards their home. Arrived there, she sat down breathless; and, resting her head on her hand, wiped her tears as they flowed under her hood.

“Tell me, my dear child, what has passed, conceal nothing from me.”

“Alas! I have not long to remain with you. As a particular favour I am permitted to take up my residence with the Ursulines, for a short time, till my affair is finished, and I am again summoned before my judges. Do not grieve, my dear father, you may see me there; I have asked leave to receive your visits.”

Munster pressed her hand with the earnestness of anxious affection, and again conjured her to relate her story.

“How shall I describe to you what I felt when torn from your arms by my conductor? I thought I should have expired: yet a certain something, that I cannot describe, presently inspired me with confidence. You must yourself have perceived, that the man in the mask treated me neither with cruelty or even harshness; his voice was gentle: by the light of the moon I discovered a tear starting from his eye; and I perceived, a circumstance on which I could not avoid reflecting, that he had lost his left hand. Is it possible that he could be your friend, the good, the honest *Walter*?”

“It was, it was!” exclaimed the old man! “It certainly was *Walter*, for now I recollect the sound of his voice.”

“*Ida* continued:—“That discovery calmed my agitation. I found myself not delivered entirely into unknown hands, and you have always spoken to me so highly of *Walter*, that with him I considered myself as safe. After having walked on for some time, he suddenly threw over my head a thick veil, which so complete-

ly covered my face, that it was impossible for me to discern the road we took. One while we passed over what appeared to me uncultivated ground, and then again over ruins: we ascended and descended: sometimes I fancied myself breathing the air of the fields; at others the sound of our footsteps appeared to be echoed back by surrounding vaults. At length we descended thirty steps, which I counted, I know not why; and my veil being taken off, I found myself in a dark dreary place, where at first I could distinguish nothing. Finding myself extremely fatigued, my conductor permitted me to sit down on a stone. By degrees my eyes became familiarized to the obscurity of the place, and I found myself at the entrance of a large square. Whether I were in the country or not I cannot say; but all around me as far as my view could penetrate, I beheld lofty vaults and over my head the starry sky. At a distance I observed, by the light of the torches, which, though there were many, but feebly illuminated the vast space, serving scarcely more than to render darkness visible, human figures dressed in black, some of whom came towards us and joined my conductor. They were all masked like him, and conversed only by signs, intermingled with a few abrupt words. Every moment their number increased; and apparently there was several hundred of them. The silence that prevailed in this assembly, interrupted only by my tears and sighs, appeared incomprehensible to me.

"On a sudden I heard the doleful sound of a bell. Three times was it struck; and as often did my heart quake within me. The place was now more enlightened, and I perceived a circle composed of several persons in black, and masked, who I was informed by my conductor, were my judges.—'You will immediately be called upon,' said he to me in a whisper: 'if your conscience be clear, prepare to answer with courage. Take off your hood, you must appear with your face uncovered.'

"Scarcely had he done speaking when a voice more appalling than the sound of the bell, cried out in a tone of authority;

"*Ida Munster! sorceress! accused of murder, of high treason, appear! We, the secret avengers of the Invisible, cite thee before the justice of God! appear! appear!*"

"Though these terrible expressions were not new to me, I cannot express the oppression I felt at my heart on their being pronounced. It continued but for a moment; for the consciousness of my innocence inspired me with courage almost supernatural. With countenance erect I stepped forward, and boldly looked round on the whole assembly, without testifying the least fear.—'To such a citation I ought not to answer,' cried I, with

a voice strengthened by indignation. ‘My name is Ida Munster; but I am no criminal.’

“At this, he who appeared to be the chief of the tribunal, said: ‘Come near, and listen to the complaints that are adduced against you, and the witnesses who attest the truth.’

“I advanced, and falling on my knees, ‘I swear,’ cried I, ‘by him who lives for ever, that I am not a sorceress, that I have assassinated no one, that I have never committed the crime of high-treason, and that all which the witnesses may have depos'd against me is false.’

The examination began; but O my father! how shall I relate to you the substance of my accusation! Is it possible that the merest trifles can be construed into crimes, or regarded at least as a presumption of crimes?

“The first thing adduced against me was the lock of the empress's hair. Alas! I was obliged to give it up, and the braid of gold network to which it was fastened is now a useless ornament about my neck. That precious remembrance which I wore in my bosom became one of the strongest proofs against me. You remember, that yesterday in the dark I scratched my cheek, and spattered my veil with blood: my judges presumed that it was the same veil with which I had wiped the blood from the neck of the empress on her wedding-day, when she gave herself the slight wound you hav heard me mention, and I was asked for what purpose I carried such things about me. They asked too, whether I had not said to one of my friends, that the empress would be forced to love me as long as that lock of her hair remained next my heart: and accused me of having so fascinated her, that she could not be happy without me and my harp for a single day; as a proof of which they alledged, that lately, during her illness, she had confessed it was impossible for her to live, or even to die without me.

“Did she say so?” cried I, with rapture. “Matchless woman! why cannot I see her once more? Why, if I must die, cannot I die at her feet?” . . . Silence was imposed on me, and the interrogations continued.

“I was asked, whence came the riches of my father and mother after they had lost by fire all they posseſſed; by what supernatural means had I been warned that the conflagration would happen; why I had not the humanity to acquaint the people of the city, and my parents with the circumstance, but had carried my wickedness so far as to abandon them to their fate, and save only myself: and what was become of the chevalier Herman of Unna, on whom I had cast a spell, to make him in love with me; whom I had so deprived of the use of his reason, that he had wandered

wandered about the country for three days together, without knowing what he did, and whom in all probability I had afterwards caused to be assassinated.

“At the mention of Herman assassinated, I fell senseless on the ground. After they had brought me to myself, I began loudly to lament his death. Oh heavens! if it should be true, that he is dead!”

“Tears now choked the voice of Ida, and she ceased not to weep, till Munster soothed her by the assurance, that he had lately received a letter from Herman, and that he was well. She then continued her narration,

“The complaints exhibited against me became every moment more afflicting. The Italian prince, who had abandoned the princess of Ratibor, and whom of course I had also enchanted by some secret spell, was not forgotten; but the last and most cruel reproach was, the unfortunate labour of the empress, which was in like manner imputed to me, as well as the dangerous state in which she still continues.

“God knows what answer I made to these different accusations. This only I remember, that I who fancied myself so weak, so timid, felt myself animated with supernatural strength, and was silent to none of the charges. I spoke little and with reserve; but what I said must have been of weight, for more than once, I put my accusers to silence. The sky now began to grow less obscure, the distant crowing of the cocks announced the approach of dawn; when instantly all the assembly arose.

“He who had presided, then addressed me in these words: ‘Ida, the sword still hangs over your head: one and twenty days are granted you to produce incontestable proofs of your innocence, Your readiness to appear at the first citation induces us for the present to permit you to depart in peace; but think not of taking flight, our eyes and arms are every where, like the presence of the Eternal.’

“I prostrated myself at the foot of the judgement seat, and solicited permission to retire to a convent. My request was granted, and I was moreover promised, in consideration of my youth and sex, some extraordinary favour; but what that favour was, I was not informed.

“Again I was veiled and then led away. On the road I begged my conductor to use his interest for me to be placed in the convent of Ursulines, whither I had been accustomed to go, and to obtain permission to see you there. This he assured me he could grant on his own authority, such things being left entirely to him. I would have said more to him, but he assumed the same reserve as when he conducted me to the tribunal. At the cor-

ner of the street he left me, probably that he might not be known by you, whom he pointed out waiting for me at the church of St. Bartholmew.

Again,

Letter from Ida of Wittenberg, to Herman of Unna.

“Herman, is it a dream, or is it a reality? I have learnt things that most nearly concern you. Consider what I am going to tell you at least as a truth. Obey my injunctions: it is your Ida who exacts obedience. . . . Fly, Herman, fly! Vengeance pursues thee! . . . Thy prince, exalted as is his goodness, great as is his power, will not dare be thy protector. The INVISIBLE are thine enemies! . . .

“This single sentence, I first thought, would be sufficient to induce you to depart, the only step that now remains for you, and I had intended to close with it my letter. I am obliged to steal from sleep the moments I devote to you, and, in my present situation, I am unable to write much. But my fears whisper that you may refuse to obey me, that you may regard my dream as one of those ordinary reveries to which no faith is to be given. I will therefore tell you all that you may judge for yourself of the dangers that threaten you.

“I heard two men talking to you. One of them appeared to be my father. But no, it could not be he! for can the father of Ida be the enemy of innocence? Could he be influenced by the perfidious insinuations of a villain, who wishes perhaps to escape the punishment of his own crime by charging it on you? . . . I listened, secretly listened . . . in a dream, as it seems to me, for your Ida is not accustomed to such practices when awake . . . and I heard these men say to one another, that you were the murderer of duke Frederick. Your sabre found near the place where he had fallen, the deposition of Kunzman at the scaffold, and the secret enmity you were supposed to bear to the betrothed spouse of Ida of Wittenberg, were the arguments to prove your guilt: it was added, that the princes having acquitted you would be of no avail; your crimes are of a nature to come within the cognizance of another tribunal . . . Oh, Herman! that infernal tribunal, which your Ida but too well knows.

“My dream is not yet finished. You know there are dreams which have the same duration and the same consistency as the events of our lives which pass when we are awake . . . I heard, I thought, the conversation I have related, word for word; and I immediately began to reflect on the means of saving you. Some days elapsed. I saw a number of strangers in my father's house, among whom I once observed Walter, the man with one hand. I remember him well. A journey was talked of, which my father

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ther was about to undertake. I guessed what was its object. I bribed one of the servants, appointed to attend him, and with difficulty prevailed on him to let me take his place. I disguised myself in the black dress which he brought me, and repaired to my post. We set off. The count of Wirtemberg was attended only by me and another domestic.

"Our way was not long. Strange as it may seem, we entered, I thought, that ruinous building, which perhaps you have observed, at a little distance north of the city But for heaven's sake, Herman, be discreet; occasion not our ruin! You are not ignorant how important it is to keep silence on this subject. Beside, it is not all a dream?

"The count and his principal domestic entered without any question being asked. My figure probably appearing new to the three persons who guarded the gate—they examined me by some very extraordinary questions. They asked me the four ways to hell, I answered in the words I had been taught the same evening by the servant who yielded me his place. They farther asked me, how many steps led to the judgment seat on which sat the Eternal to administer justice. I answered thirty; for I recollect that to be the number I counted, you know upon what occasion, and which I had been obliged to ascend with such feelings of horror. They shook their heads, blindfolded me, and let me pass. The number thirty saved my life, I wandered in the dark: I had neither supporter nor guide. I counted the steps, and having ascended thirty, the way became level. My eyes were then uncovered.

"I found myself in a place similar to what you have perhaps seen. the signal was given, and the session commenced. Accusations were read and some witnesses deposed against a prince, whom they charged with being the murderer of duke Frederick. Immediately one of the judges rose and swore that he was innocent. An oath of this nature, you know, once saved the life of an innocent person: why might it not be equally capable of saving that of a guilty one?

"To these accusations, to these witnesses, others succeeded. Your name, Herman, your name was pronounced? but no one would swear for you. I was going to advance, when the man with one hand, whom I then first observed by my side, held me back, threatening me with his finger. In short, you were accused and condemned. "Let vengeance, secret as the night, pursue his steps! let punishment invisibly await him!" cried a voice from the throne. "When awake, deceive him by false pretences and draw him into some snare that may facilitate the execution of his sentence. Let the poinard watch the moment of his sleep.

Let him be put to death wherever he be found alone. Let his bosom-friend become his executioner; let him entice him into some solitary place, and massacre him in open day, in the face of that heaven which he has offended by the sight of innocent blood. Frederick lost his life in secret, and without any warning: so perish, with all his sins upon his head, Herman of Unna!"

"As the last words were uttered I should certainly have screamed with terror, had not my protector stopped my mouth. It was he also, I believe, who conveyed me more dead than alive out of this assembly of demons. He had discovered me notwithstanding my disguise. He loaded me with reproaches on my imprudence; and left me at the gate of my father's house, after having exacted a promise of silence, which I have kept as faithful as was possible.

"What was I now to do? Escape and fly to you, or wait the return of my father, and abide his wrath? Already by the light of the moon I saw him at a distance accompanied by his domestic. I adopted the most ready expedient; I knocked at the door; it was opened, and I rushed to my apartment. Cunegunda was astonished at my having so completely deceived her vigilance, and that while she believed me asleep. . . . But what am I doing? . . . Is it not however a dream? . . . Yet again I charge you to fly. Fly, Herman, fly! The secret avengers pursue you: they thirst for your blood! . . . I ought not to warn you of this, but surely I may relate a dream."

A N E C D O T E S,

OF ILLUSTRIOS AND EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS.

LORD KAIMES

appeared one day upon the Scotch Circuit to be rather in a hurry upon the trial of a capital convict, when he was informed that dinner was ready. The criminal being found guilty, he said to a lively and eloquent Advocate, "Come Harry, let us go to dinner." "Aye, my Lord," replied the Advocate, "and your Lordship shall have a blood-pudding* for your dinner." Lord Kaimes was a man of great activity of mind, and indefatigability of pursuit. A gentleman called to see him not many hours before he died, and found him dictating to a secretary. "I am surprized

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* A pudding made of gooses blood and oatmeal.

my Lord," said he, to find you thus employed in your very feeble state." Why, moa," replied his Lordship, "would you have me stay with my tongue in my cheek 'till death comes to fetch me?" —Lord Kaims was a most universal writer; he wrote on Law, on Morals, on Metaphysics, on Taste, on Criticism. He was however, a very good borrower; some parts of his Elements of Criticism he took from Blair's Lectures in MS. What he says of the Chinese Gardening and Building, he took from Sir William Chambers's elegant books on those subjects, without making any acknowledgement. He wrote to the ingenious Defendress of Shakespeare to request her to give him some articles of female dress and decoration for his Elements of Criticism. She did not, however, comply with his request. The present race of Scotch Writers may be properly styled the Literary Wire-drawers; they appear to produce nothing new of their own, but to fine-draw, and spin out, the opinions of their predecessors. Hence the deluges of the philosophies of such and such an Art or Science, Histories of the Human Mind, the Essays on such and such matters. Of Dr. Adam Smith's celebrated Wealth of Nations, Condorcet says, in his life of Turgot, that the germ of it is to be found in the *Essai sur les Richesses* of that acute writer and excellent politician. John Bull becomes too rich and too idle to take the pains he used to do, and these useful literary dealers in retail, parcel out for him what he thinks, it disgraceful perhaps not to know. The late Dr. Johnson was completely of this opinion, for when one day before some Scotch Gentleman he had launched out into the praises of the celebrated Buchanan, and had stiled him the only man of genius that Scotland had ever produced (he seems however to have forgotten Lord Napier,) the Gentleman said, "Why, Doctor, now, if Buchanan had been an Englishman, what would you then have said of him?" "Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, coolly, "I certainly then should not have said, the *only* man of genius that England ever produced.

LORD MANSFIELD

displayed great eloquence in his speech before the Privy Council, when he was accused of the Board of having drank the Pretender's health. To this accusation it was most probably owing, that Lord Mansfield suffered himself to be bullied in the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt, a man every way his inferior in abilities. Poor Lord Mansfield was afraid that in that august Assembly he should avert to what had passed before the Council. Soon after his denunciation to the Privy Council, Lord Mansfield offered to his Sovereign, George the Second, to resign his place of Solicitor

citor General, giving for a reason, that a person who had the honour to serve his majesty in that high situation should not be suspected of treason. "Sir," replied his sovereign, "were I able to replace you with as able a man as yourself, I might, perhaps, permit you to give up your place."

RABELAIS.

This droll says of the art of Physic, that it is properly enough compared by Hypocrates to a Battle, and also to a Farce, acted between three persons, the Patient, the Doctor and the Disease. The Doctor and the Disease, however, risque nothing; the risque is always upon the Patient.

"Hi cedunt, ille tantum vapulatur."

In most other Arts persons are content to follow the advice of the Professors. In that of Medicine, though one of the most difficult, every one thinks he knows something. Owen the celebrated Epigrammatist, says very well,

"Fingunt se cuncti medicos, Idiota, Profanus
"Judeus, Monachus, Histrion, Rasor, Anus."
Each man in Medicine plays his foolish part,
And thinks that he knows something of that Art;
Priests, Barbers, nay the Israelitish tribe,
Buffons, Old Women, how they all prescribe!

JOHN MATHEWS OF PHILADELPHIA.

This distinguished Quaker amongst his sect was no less eminent for his integrity than for the shrewdness of his remarks, and for the laconic manner in which he expressed them. "The House of Hanover," said he, one day, "are the worst enemies the Friends have ever had, for they have never once persecuted them since they have been upon the Throne of England." To some lady of Quality, who on the death of her husband had shut herself up, had hung her room with black, and was indulging herself in all the luxury of grief, he said very finely, taking her by the hand at the same time, "So, Friend, I see that thou hast not forgiven God Almighty yet." The Lady was struck with the force and truth of the observation, and returned to her duties and pursuits.

LADY ORKNEY.

Bishop Burnet, by speaksng obscurely of King William's intrigue with this Lady, which he calls "a secret vice," has occasioned (though very unintentionally in the author) a stigma on the character of that monarch which we believe him to be entirely

ly free from. Swift, who knew Lady Orkney when he was in England, during the four last years of queen Anne's life, repeatedly speaks very highly of her character. In one of his letters to Mrs. Dingley, he says:

“Lady Orkney, the late King's mistress, who lives at the fine place called Clifden, and I am grown mighty intimate acquaintance. She is the wifeliest woman I ever saw, and Lord Treasurer (Oxford) made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs.”

In another letter to the same Lady, he says, “Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind like a mother. I think the D—l was in me the other day, that I should talk to her of *an ugly squinting cousin of her's*, and the poor lady herself, you know *squints like a dragon*. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love, and she told us a saying of her sister, Lady Fitzharding, which I thought was excellent, “That in man desire begets love—and in woman love begets desire.”

* *Alluding to the change of Ministry in the year 1703.*

DR. RATCLIFFE

attending the Lady of Lord chief justice Holt with a diligence remarkable for one of his situation as a Physician, was asked by one of his intimate friends the cause of it—“Why,” says Dr. Radcliffe, “to be sure I have brought her through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no particular regard for the woman; but I know her husband hates her, and therefore I wish to plague him.”

A lady of high rank and fortune too anxiously careful of the health of an only son, as well as partial to his merits, sent for Mr. Radcliffe relative to his health. On a previous consultation with the lady about the malady of his patient, she very gravely told him, “that although she could not say her son was immediately affected with any disorder, yet she was afraid, from the excess of his spirits, and the very great *prematureness of his understanding*, he might without the Doctor's medical interference, verify the old proverb—“Soon ripe, soon rotten.”

The Doctor by this time having pretty well taken measure of the Lady's *understanding*, as well as the *wants* of her son, desired to see his patient—when presently a servant introduced a strong chubby boy, between nine and ten years of age, eating a large piece of bread and butter. “Well, Sir,” says the Doctor, “what's your name? “Daniel, Sir” (says the boy.) “And pray master Daniel, who gave you that fine piece of bread and but-

ter?" "My Godfathers and Godmothers, who did promise and vow three things in my name, &c. &c.' and so was going on with the answer in the Catechism. "Very well indeed," continued the Doctor, very gravely—"Now, master Daniel, let me feel your pulse—Quite well there too—So that, my dear Madam (turning round to the mother) you may make yourself perfectly easy about your son, as he is not only in good health at present, but in no danger of losing that health by too *premature knowledge*.

A fanciful lady, just going to be married (but whose favourite maid servant wanted to prevent it,) sent for Doctor Radcliffe to cure her of a disorder which she was *informed* she was afflicted with. The Doctor not understanding how this well could be, begged her to be explicit; when after many apologies, and some confusion, she acquainted him that ~~she~~ was informed by her servant, who constantly slept in the same room with her, that she was troubled with a disorder of making some *unfavourable reports* when she was asleep, and as she was going to be married, she felt this to be an objection that should be previously done away.

The Doctor instantly saw how the matter stood, and asked her whether she slept with her eyes shut or open? "Shut to be sure, Sir," said the lady. "Why then, madam, I see your disorder—your skin's too short for your body—for whilst it covers your eyes, it is defective in covering the offending parts; therefore endeavour to sleep with your *eyes open*, and turn the maid out of your room, and you'll be well in a week."

THE SPORT OF FORTUNE.

AN ANECDOTE TAKEN FROM A REAL HISTORY.

(Concluded from page 8.)

UNDER the most impenetrable veil of disguise, he fostered his plan to maturity. Yet durst he not venture to measure swords with his rival in open combat; for though the prime of Aloysius's favouritism was over, yet it had been too early implanted, and was too deeply rooted in the mind of the youthful Prince, to be so suddenly torn up. The slightest circumstance might restore it to its pristine vigour; and therefore Martinengo well imagined that the blow he intended to give him must be a mortal blow. What Aloysius' perhaps had lost in the Prince's love, he might have gained in his esteem; the more the latter withdrew from state affairs, the less could he dispense with the man,

man, who, even at the expence of the country, took care of his interests with the most conscientious fidelity and devotion—and, dear as he had formerly been as a friend, so important was he now to him as a minister.

The particular method by which the Italian reached his aim, remained a secret between him who received the stroke, and him who struck it. It is supposed, that he laid before the Prince the originals of a secret and suspicious correspondence, which Aloysius should have carried on with a neighbouring court; whether genuine or forged, is a matter on which opinions are divided. Be that as it may, he obtained his end to a dreadful degree. Aloysius appeared in the eyes of the Prince as the most ungrateful and baskest of traitors, whose treason was placed so far out of doubt, that it was thought proper to proceed immediately against him without any formal trial. The whole was managed with the profoundest secrecy between Martinengo and his master, so that Aloysius never once perceived the storm that was gathering over his head: obstinate in his baneful security, till the awful moment, when he was sunk from an object of general adoration and envy to an object of the deepest compassion.

On the arrival of the decisive day, Aloysius, according to custom, went to take a turn on the parade. From Ensign he had become, in the space of a few years, Colonel of the Guards and even this post was no more than a modest name for the office of Prime Minister, which in fact he filled, and which distinguished him above the foremost in the country. The guard parade was the place where his pride was wont to receive the general homage, where in one short hour he enjoyed a grandeur and glory which amply repaid him for the toils of the preceding day. Here persons of the highest rank approached him only with respectful timidity, and those who did not feel themselves sure of his smiles, with trembling. The Prince himself, if occasionally he presented himself here saw himself neglected in comparison of his Grand Vizier, as it was far more dangerous to displease the latter than it was to use to have the former for a friend. And this very place, where he was accustomed to be revered as a god, was now pitched upon to be the dreadful theatre of his degradation.

He entered carelessly the well known circle, who stood around him to-day with the same reverence as ever, expecting his commands, as ignorant of what was to happen as he was himself. It was not long before Martinengo appeared, attended by some adjutants, no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier—arrogant, and strutting with pride, like a lacquey raised to a lord, he went up to him with bold and resolute steps, and standing be-

fore him with his hat on his head, demanded his sword in the name of the Prince. It was delivered to him with a look of silent surprize; when, setting the point against the ground, and putting his heel upon the middle of the blade, he snapped it in two, and let fall the pieces at the feet of Aloysius. This signal being given, two adjutants seized him by the collar, a third fell to cutting out the star on the breast of his coat, and another proceeded to take the ribband from his shoulder, the epaulets from the uniform, and the feather from his hat. During the whole of this amazing operation, which went on with incredible rapidity, among more than five hundred men who stood close round, not a single sound was heard, not a breath in the whole assembly. The terrified multitude stood fixed, with pallid countenances, with palpitating hearts, and with a death-like stare, round him, who in this wretched condition—a singular spectacle of ridicule and horror!—passed a moment that is only to be felt under the hand of the executioner. Thousands in his place would have fallen senseless to the earth at the first impulse of terror; but his robust nervous system, and his vigorous spirit, outlived this dreadful trial, and gave time for the horrors of it to pass and to evaporate.

No sooner was this operation over, than he was conducted along the rows of enumerable spectators to the farther extremity of the *place de parade*, where a covered carriage stood waiting for him. He was ordered by dumb signs to get into it; an escort of hussars accompanied him. The report of this transaction was soon spread over all the residence; every window was opened, and all the streets were filled by persons whom curiosity and surprize had brought from their habitations. A mob ran after their cavalcade, who assailed the ears of the disgraced minion with the intermingled shouts of scorn and triumph, and the still more cutting repetitions of his name with terms of pity. At length he was got out of their noise, but a new scene of terror awaited him here. The carriage turned off from the high road, down an unfrequented long by-way—the way towards the place of execution; whither, by express order of the Prince, he was dragged slowly along. Here after making him feel all the torments of the agonies of death they turned again down another cross road, much frequented by passengers. In the scorching heat of the sun, without any refreshment, destitute of human converse, he passed seven doleful hours in this conveyance, which stopped at last, as the sun went down, at the place of his destination, the fortress of Crumwald. Deprived of consciousness, in a middle state between life and death, as a faint of twelve hours and a constantly parching thirst had at length got the better of his gigantic force, they lifted him out of the vehicle, and he came to himself in a horrid dungeon under the earth.

earth. The first sight that presented itself to his opening eyes was the dreadful prison-wall, against which the moon darted down some feeble rays, through a narrow crevice at the height of nineteen fathoms from the ground of his cell. At his side he felt a scanty loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, and near him a scattering of straw for his couch. In this condition he held out till the following noon; when in the middle of the turret, a sliding shutter seemed to open of itself, through which presently two hands appeared, letting down a hanging basket with the same allotment of provision he had found beside him the day before. Now for the first time since his fatal reverse, pain and anxiety forced from him these questions to the invisible person; how he came here? and what crime he had committed? But no answer was returned from above: the hands were withdrawn, and the shutter closed. Without seeing a human visage, without even hearing a human voice, unable to guess at what might be the end of this deplorable stroke, in like dreadful uncertainty on the future and on the past, cheered by no genial ray of light, refreshed by no wholesome breeze, cut off from all assistance, and abandoned by common compassion, four hundred and ninety doleful days did he count in this place of condemnation, by the bread of affliction which was daily let down to him at noon in silent and sad uniformity. But a discovery he made soon after his confinement here, compleated the measure of his distress. He knew this place. He himself it was who, impelled by a spirit of base revenge, had built it afresh but a few months before, for a brave and deserving officer, who, for having been so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, was here to pine away his life in sorrow. With ingenuous barbarity he himself had furnished the means of making this dungeon a more cruel abode. Not a long time ago he had come hither in person to take a view of the building, and to hasten the work. For deepening his misery to the utmost extreme, it must so fall out in the order of things, that the very officer for whom this gloomy cell was prepared should succeed to the post of the deceased commandant of the fortress; and, from a victim to his vengeance should become the master of his fate. Thus vanished away his last sad comfort of self-commiseration, and of charging fortune with injustice in loading him with such heavy calamities. To the sensible sensation of his misery was associated a raging self-abhorrence, and the pain that is always more biting to stubborn hearts, to depend on the generosity of a foe, to whom he had never shewn any himself.

But this upright man was of a disposition too noble to harbour a mean revenge. The severity he was enjoined by his instructions to use towards his prisoner, cost many a struggle to his friend-

ly spirit; but, as an old soldier, accustomed to follow the letter of his orders with implicit precision, he could do no more than bewail his misfortunes. The forlorn wretch in the dungeon found an active helper in the person of the chaplain to the garrison; who, moved at the distresses of the miserable captive, of which he had not till lately heard, and that now only by obscure and unconnected reports, immediately took up the firm resolution of doing somewhat for his relief. This worthy ecclesiastic, whose name I suppress with reluctance, thought he could no wise better comply with his pastoral office, than by turning it now to the benefit of a poor unhappy man, who was capable of assistance by no other means.

As he could not obtain from the commandant of the fortress leave to visit the prisoner, he set out in person on the road to the capital to present his request directly to the Prince. He made his genuflexion before him, and implored his compassion in behalf of a miserable man, who was languishing in utter destitution of the benefits of christianity, from which even criminals attainted of the blackest enormities cannot justly be excluded, and perhaps verging on the horrors of despair. With all the intrepidity and dignity which the sentiment of discharging our duty inspires, he demanded free access to the prisoner, who belonged to him as one of his flock, and for whose soul he was answerable to Heaven. The good cause he was pleading gave him an irresistible eloquence, and as the first displeasure of the Prince was somewhat abated by time, he granted him his request to go and comfort the prisoner by a spiritual visit.

The first human countenance that the wretched Aloysius had seen for a period of sixteen months, was the face of his ghostly comforter. For the only friend he had in the world, he was indebted to his misery; his prosperity had gained him none. The entrance of the preacher was to him the apparition of an angel. I make no attempt to describe his feelings. But from this day forth his tears flowed in less abundance, as he saw himself pitied by one human being.

A ghastly horror seized the ecclesiastic on entering this cave of despair. His eyes rolled about in search of a man—when a grisly spectre crawled out of a corner to meet him, a place that looked more like the den of some savage monster than the sojourn of a human creature. A pale and death-like carcass, all colour of life departed from his visage, in which sorrow and despondency had worn large furrows, the haggard eye-balls fixed in one horrid stare, the beard and nails grown by long neglect to a hideous length, the cloaths half rotted-away, and the air about him charged with pestilential vapour from a total want of ventilation.

lation; in this condition did he find this darling of fortune; and all this had his adamantine health withstood!—Shuddering with horror, and overpowered with compassion at the sight the preacher ran immediately from the spot to the Governor, to draw from him a second boon in favour of the poor emaciated wretch, without which the former would stand for nothing.

But he, sheltering his refusal once more under the express letter of his instructions, the pastor generously resolved on another journey to the residence, to throw himself once more on the clemency of the prince: he declared that he could not think of profaning the dignity of the sacrament so far, as to enter upon so sacred an act with his prisoner, until he was restored to the likeness of a man. This request was likewise graciously complied with; and from that time the prisoner might again be said to live.

In this fortress Aloysius still passed several years, but in a far more easy situation, after the short summer of the new favorite was gone by, and others had succeeded to the post, who were either of humarer sentiments, or had no revenge to satiate upon him. At length, after a ten years confinement, the day of redemption appeared—but no judicial examination, no formal acquittal. He received his liberty from the hands of princely grace; at the same time that it was enjoined him, to quit the country for ever.

Here the accounts of his history forsake me, which I have been able to gather alone from oral tradition; and I perceive myself obliged to skip over a period of twenty years. During this space Aloysius had begun his career afresh in the military services of foreign States, which led him also there to the brilliant eminence from whence he had been so dreadfully hurled at home. Time at last, the friend of the unfortunate, who exercises a slow but an indelible judgment took up the cause of this unhappy victim. The years of passion were over with the Prince, and humanity began to soften his heart, as his whitening hairs admonished him of his mortality. Treading slowly the decline of life, he felt a hankering desire after the favorite of his youth. That he might compensate, as much as possible, to the old man the disasters he had heaped on him while young, he invited the exile, in friendly terms, to return to his country; to which Aloysius was by no means averse, as an ardent inclination to pass the remainder of his days in peace at home had long dwelt in his heart. The meeting was attended on both sides with real emotion, the embrace was as warm and affecting as if they had parted but yesterday. The Prince looked him in the face with a considering regard, as if contemplating the countenance so familiar and yet so strange; or as if counting the wrinkles he had made on it himself. With

O

eager

eager research he strove to recollect the beloved features of the youth in the shrivelled visage of age; but what he sought for was no more to be found. They forced themselves into a kind of cold familiarity—shame and fear had separated their hearts for ever and ever. A sight that must ever recall his cruel precipitancy to his mind could give no complacency to the Prince; and Aloysius could no longer be familiar with the author of his woes. Yet sedate and consoling was his view of the past, as a man gladly looks back on the end of a frightful voyage.

It was not long ere Aloysius was seen again in full possession of all his former dignities—and the Prince repressed his inward aversion to give him a splendid compensation for what was past. But could he give him back the satisfaction he had before in these distinctions? Could he revive the heart he had deadened for ever to the enjoyment of life? Could he give him back the years of hope? or think of conferring on him a happiness when old, that should but remotely make amends for the robbery he had committed on him when in the prime of life?

For nineteen years, however he enjoyed this bright evening of his days. Neither age nor adversity had been able to abate the fire of his passions, nor entirely subdue the hilarity of his spirit. Still, in his seventieth year he was grasping at the shadow of a comfort, that in his twentieth he actually possessed. At length he died, commander of the fortress where the State prisoners were kept. It may be expected that he exercised towards them a humanity, the value of which he had so severely been taught to know. But he treated them with cruelty and caprice; and a burst of rage against one of them laid him in the grave in his eightieth year.

Anecdote of Dr. BEATTIE and his Son.

THE following interesting Anecdote is related by Dr. Beatie, speaking of his Son: He says,

He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet and could read a little, but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being; because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and sowing the garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground.

Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I, carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is, but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance; and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance, for that something must have contrived it so as to produce it.

I pretend not to give his words nor my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us, in such language as we both understood. So you think I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, cannot be by chance? Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so.—Look at yourself, I replied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you? He said they were. Came they then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And what is that something? I asked. He said he did not know (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the GREAT BEING, who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either that or the circumstance that introduced it."

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN this celebrated writer was in England he lodged at the house of a gentleman who had been Under-Secretary to Lord Bolingbroke when he was Secretary at War. He spoke English extremely ill when he left England. Mr. Pope was extremely offended with him for having slighted his mother, and contrived to get him into a ridiculous scrape with Sir Robert Walpole, by way of being even with him for his behaviour to his reverend parent.

Some one had teased Voltaire a long while by writing letters to him, in hopes of getting an answer to them. Voltaire sent him this short one:

"Sir, I have now been dead a great while. Dead men, you know, do not answer letters.

"Your humble servant,

Oz

"VOLTAIRE."
CHEMICAL.

CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

MR. Bertholet, a gentleman to whom the public are much indebted for many new chemical discoveries, has lately, in making experiments upon aurum fulminans, found out another fulminating substance, the effects of which are most astonishing.

The properties of aurum fulminans are well known; but Mr. Bertholet has been able to obtain from silver a production still stronger and more surprising, which by being brought into contact with any body whatever, fulminates in an instant. As this discovery seems to throw great light upon the new theory of chemistry, we shall describe the process used in making this powder, to prevent disagreeable accidents, to which those would undoubtedly be exposed who should attempt the experiment without being well acquainted with its nature and effects.

Take a small quantity of fine silver and dissolve it in nitrous acid. Precipitate the silver of this dissolution by lime water; decant the liquor, and expose the precipitate for three days in the open air. Mr. Bertholet imagines that the presence of light may greatly contribute to the success of the experiment. Dissolve this dried preparation in some caustic volatile alkali, and it will then assume the appearance of a black powder; pour off the liquor, and leave this powder to dry in the open air, and you will have what is called argentum fulminans.

Neither gun-powder nor even aurum fulminans, can be compared to this new preparation. To produce an explosion with the former fire is necessary, and a sensible degree of heat is requisite to make the latter fulminate; but the contact of any cold body is sufficient to produce that effect from the argentum fulminans; in short, when this powder is once obtained, it can no longer be touched; one must not attempt to put it into a bottle, it must be suffered to remain in the earthen pot, in which, by evaporation, it has acquired that terrible property. We shall now point out some of its effects, the truth of which we can attest, having been partly eye-witnesses of them.

The weight of a grain of argentum fulminans, which was contained in a small glass capsula, reduced it to powder, and carried the broken pieces of glass with a force sufficient to pierce several folds of paper.

The wind having overturned a paper, upon which some grains of this powder were placed, that part of them fulminated which was put in contact with the hand, and those which fell from the hand to the earth, made a still louder explosion. In short, a drop of water falling upon the powder caused it to fulminate.

It

It may be needless to observe, that one ought not to attempt this experiment but with a very small quantity of the powder, about the weight of a grain, for a larger would produce a very dangerous explosion.

It will be necessary also, in making this preparation, to have the face covered with a mask, furnished with glass sights; and to avoid the danger of glass capsule breaking, it will be prudent to dry the *argentum fulminans* in small capsule made of metal.

We shall only mention another experiment which will serve to give a fuller idea of the property of this fulminating powder.

Take some of the caustic volatile alkali which has been employed in the conversion of the acid of the silver, into that black precipitation which composes the *argentum fulminans*, put this alkali into a small matras of thin glass, and give it that degree of ebullition which is necessary to complete a combination; take the matras from the fire, and there will be formed on the inside a thin crust full of small chrystals, which will be covered by the liquor.

If under this liquor, when cooled, one of these chrystals be touched, it produces an explosion which will burst the matras; we have seen the liquor thrown to the ceiling of the laboratory, and the matras broken to pieces by this experiment.

Having described the process necessary for producing *argentum fulminans*, and having given an account of some of its effects, and mentioned the precautions to be taken in making the experiment, we shall say a few words concerning the theory of the phenomenon, which is the same as that of *aurum fulminans*, established by Mr. Bartholet.*

In this operation the oxyginous part,† which disengages itself very easily from the silver, combines with the hydroginous‡ of the volatile caustic alkali; from the combination of the oxyginous parts, water is formed in the state of vapor.

This water, possessing all the elasticity, and all the expansive force with which it is endued in that state, is the principal cause of this phenomenon in which the azoth, which detaches itself from the volatile caustic alkali, with all its expansibility, has also a great share.

After fulmination, the silver is found revived, that is to say, it recovers its metallic state, and becomes as white and as brilliant as it was before.

* See the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences*, for 1785

† That which generates acid.

‡ That which generates water.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGIAC ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY F. WALLHIME.

TO Anna's green turf-mantled tomb,
Sighing maids and swains gentle shall bring,
The earliest sweets in their bloom,
that adorn the elysian spring.

The orient winds as they pass,
Here shall swerve like in Eden's blest vales,
And fan with their sighs the high grafts,
Which thy mouldering ashes o'erhales.

No phantom shall stalk o'er this green,
Nor with shrieks pain this solemn recess,
But dreads at moon-light convyne,
Thy lone grave with pearl-dew-drops to dress.

The minstrel at eve shall here too,
Sweet Robin, kindly tender his aid,
And mrtle with eglantine strew,
As fit emblems of thee, huckleb's maid.

And the sedge-crown'd nymphs as they roam,
In their sky-watched robes long this shore,
Shall oft as they view yonder dome,
With fresh tears thy departure deplore.

Like Giliad's fair virgin band,
Who on Judah's mount pensively stray'd,
And on Shiloe's hallowed strand,
To the clouds mournful orisons made.

In rural delights on the plain,
In the dance, and in mirth-cheering glee,
Of the gay convivial train,
The fond thought shall sweet maid dwell on thee!

Remembrance shall oft in this glade,
Meet the friend musing silently here,
And point to the spot thou art laid,
Bid him drop midst the landscape a tear!

To

To 'AMANDA,

Who with much good humour told the author one day, on his asking her for a copy of the verses she had promised him; that her time was so much taken up of late, with her friends and in drinking of PORTER, that she could not possibly think of writing a line.

BY F. WALHINE.

IN days of yore as we are told,
At least fame says the story's old,
There liv'd a fage nam'd Aristotle ;
Who independent of his classic merit,
Would still prefer, if we the history credit,
To all things in this world his bottle.
Amanda whom the Aonian nine
Lent from their blissful realms above,
The happier lyre that breathes the air divine,
And melts the soul in extacies of love ;
Dares the blest attribute to slight :
And what mult-wound each tuneful ear to hear,
Avows she feels superior delight,
In quaffing Hain's* BOTTLED BEER !!

* A distinguished Brewer of Philadelphia.

S E L E C T E D P O E T R Y.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whittle hollow as they wave ;
Within a solitary cave,
A wretched Suicide holds his curs'd abode.
Lowr'd the grim morn, in murky dyes,
Damp mists involv'd the fowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day ;
As by the brook that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with fable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his fallen way,
I mark'd his desultory pace,

His

His gesture strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound;
 And ah ! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade the hand embrew'd;
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground,
 Full many a melancholly night,
 He watch'd the slow return of light;
 And sought the pow'rs of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep;
 And oft, unknowing and unknow,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood :
 Oft was he wont in hasty fit,
 Abrupt, the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood,
 Beckoning the wretch to torments new
 Despair for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale appear'd ;
 While as the shades of eve arose,
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd.
 " Is this, " mistaken Scorn will cry,
 " Is this the youth, whose genius high
 " Could build the genuine rhyme ?
 " Whose bosom mild the favouring muse
 " Had stor'd with all her ample views,
 " Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime ?"
 Ah ! from the muse that bosom mild,
 By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
 To strike the deathful blow :
 She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
 With many a feeling too refin'd,
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.
 Tho' doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp flings of hopeless love,
 To griefs congenial prone ;
 More wounds than nature gave he knew,
 While Misery's form his fancy drew,
 In dark ideal hues and horrors not her own.
 Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
 The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew :
 Nor oh ! forbid the twifled thorn,

That

That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green swelling buds to vegetate anew.
What tho' no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought ;
Pity shall woo the weeping nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought ;
What tho' refused each chanted rite,
Here viewlets mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell :
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In melancholy tone shall sing his pensive knell,
To sooth a lone unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook.
Sudden the half-funk orb of day
More radiant shot his parting ray,
And thus a cherub voice my charm'd attention took,
" Forbear, fond Bard, thy partial praise,
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath for glory twine :
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow,
Gay Fancy gives her veil to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine,
Just Heaven man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born woe :
Yet the same power, that wisely fends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the embattled ~~foe~~
Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murtherer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm ;
Had bade the son of hope appear
To gild the darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.
Vain man ! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath ;
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments death."

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

SEE ! where the spider weaves the line,
 In many a circling ring ;
 So slight the texture is, so fine,
 So thin the heart drawn string,
 That scarce the filmy web is seen
 Spread o'er the velvet grafts ;
 And not a zephyr sighs between
 The meshes, as they pass
 Yet if by chance a vagrant fly
 Shall in the toils be ta'en,
 Her struggles can no aid supply,
 No freedom can they gain.
 Thus, when the insidious wretch is set
 To blast a friend's repose,
 He weaves the unsuspected net.
 That binds him to his woes.

AN INVOCATION TO RETIREMENT.

COME here sweet nymph, come here with me
 Ah ! come and share my liberty !
 My constant friends are Peace and Truth,
 And Innocence, and rosy Youth :
 With me they watch my painted bow'rs ;
 With me inhale the scented flow'rs ;
 With me observe the silver rill
 That gently purls adown the hill :
 And, as its murmurs greet the ear,
 With me sit down, devoid of fear,
 Come then, sweet nymph, come here with me ;
 Ah ! come and share my liberty.
 Such safety marks my fair domain,
 My lowly copse, and tranquil plain,
 That not a lamb, or bounding fawn,
 That treads the dews, or crops the lawn ;
 That not a hare, or bird that flies,
 With varied plumage, through the skies,
 Encounters fear : the fish that glide,
 With silver scales, across the tide,
 No sharpen'd hook, or net, surprise :
 With me no worm, or insect, dies :
 The spider's web untouched remains,
 And glistens on my dewy plains.

The

The flies, that come my fruit to taste,
(Of which abundance causeth waste);
I ne'er moleft : they're free to prove
My hospitality and love.
Come then, sweet nymph, come here with me ;
Ah ! come, and share my liberty.

When morning dawns, and ev'ry ray,
Proclaims the warm approach of day,
Around my board I cheerful spread
My welcome grain, and crumbs of bread.
The feather'd songsters round me throng,
And thank my bounty with a song.
My fav'rite lambs, with ribbands gay,
About my shed contented play ;
They brouse my plants, nor fearful heed
Their dams, that bleat across the mead.
Come then, sweet nymph, come here with me ;
Ah ! come and share my liberty !

Health sits enthron'd, and paints my cheek,
And makes each sportive dimple speak ;
And Innocence, with lilies, rests
Upon my neck, and tranquil breasts.
I know no sorrows, know no cares ;
I feel no want, presage no fears ;
But, free from envy, hate, and strife,
I lead a harmless, pleasant life.
Come then, sweet nymph; come here with me ;
Ah ! come and share my liberty !
I envy not the charms that rife
In vermeil lips, and languid eyes ;
Nor auburn curls, that graceful deck
The beauties of the snowy neck ;
Nor checks where blushing roses glow
Or tints that shame the whitest snow,
Nor dimpling smiles, in which, confest
The loves and graces smiling rest.
If nymphs more fair than me advance,
And swell the song, or lead the dance ;
If more attractions they possest,
Than what my homely person blesst,
If modesty with beauty charm,
It cannot pride or spleen alarm.
Come then, sweet nymph, come here with me ;
Ah ! come and share my liberty !

Each rising morn my thanks I pay

To him that rules the blushing day :
 Each falling eve my pray'rs recite
 To Him who sheds the dews of night.
 Soft dreams attend my downy bed,
 (For that by Innocene is spread),
 Directs my thoughts, attends my rest,
 And fills with Heav'n my flumb'ring breast.
 Come then, sweet nymph, ah ! come with me ;
 Oh ! Come and share my liberty !

ODE TO MORNING.

BY MISS PENNINGTON.

HAIL, roseate Morn ! returning light !
 To thee the sable Queen of Night
 Reluctant yields her sway ;
 And as she quits the dappled skies,
 On glories greater glories rise,
 To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips ;
 Arabia's spices scent her lips ;
 Her head with rose-buds crown'd ;
 Mild Zeyphr hastes to snatch a kiss ;
 And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
 Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops daughter of the Morn,
 With spangles every bush adorn,
 And all the broider'd vales ;
 Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
 The larks soft trilling in thy praise,
 Aurora, rising, hails !

While Nature, now in lively vest
 Of glossy green, has gaily dreft
 Each tributary plain ;
 While blooming flowers, and blossom'd trees,
 Soft waving with the vernal breeze,
 Exult beneath thy reign ;
 Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
 By Sleep, in silken fetters bound,
 The downy god obey ?
 Ah, no ! --- Through yon embowering grove,

Or winding valley, let me rove,
And own thy cheerful sway!

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers:
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
And we no more shall trace
Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene;
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We sport away the fleeting time,
Regardless of our fate;
But, by some unexpected blow,
Our giddy follies we shall know,
And mourn them when too late!

Monthly Chronicle.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Philadelphia, March 6th, 1797.

On Saturday the Merchants of this city gave a public dinner, at Ricketts's Circus, To GEORGE WASHINGTON, in testimony of their approbation of his conduct as President of the United States.—The Company, among whom were all the Foreign Ministers, many of the Members of both houses of Congress, the Governor of the state, and all the principal merchants of the city, met at Oellers's hotel and marched in procession from thence to the place of entertainment. On their entering the Circus, *Washington's march* resounded through the place, and a curtain drew up which presented to view a transparent full length painting of the late president, whom Fame is crowning with a Wreath of Laurel, taking leave after delivering to her his valedictory address, of the Genius of America, who is represented by a female figure holding the Cap of Liberty in her hand, with an Altar before her, inscribed **PUBLIC GRATITUDE**. In the painting are introduced several emblematic devices of the honours he had acquired by his public services, and a distant view of Mount Vernon, the seat of his retirement. Not less than two hundred and forty persons were present, and a most sumptuous entertainment was provided by Mr. Richardet, which consisted of four hundred dishes of the most choice viands which money could purchase or art prepare, dressed and served up in a manner

ner which did him the highest credit. Mr. Willing and Mr. Fitzsimons presided, and the whole was conducted with the greatest order. The following toasts were given from the chair:

1. *The United States*: May a just appreciation of their prosperous condition, ensure a long continuation of happiness to the people, and of attachment to the government.

2. *The president of the United States*: May the confidence which is due to approved patriotism and faithful services guarantee a firm support to his administration and secure to him the esteem and affection of his fellow citizens.

3. *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*: May the wise and philanthropic spirit of its founder be ever conspicuous in the public acts and individual conduct of its citizens.

4. Peace and harmony to the nations of Europe.

5. Civilization and happiness to the Aborigines of America.

6. Freedom and friendly intercourse to all the World.

7. *The ministers of the United States to Foreign Nations*: May the fair relations of our government be the only rule of their conduct.

8. *The Arts and Sciences*: May their progress promote the happiness of Man.

9. *The Agriculture of the United States*: May an abundant increase reward the labour of our Farmers, and a free and efficient government for ever protect their industry.

10. *The Mechanics and Manufacturers of the United States*: Ample employment and satisfactory encouragement to all their occupations.

11. *The Commerce of the United States*: May the liberality and integrity of their Merchants make the flag of America welcome to all Nations.

12. *The Army and Navy of the United States*: May the just assertion of their Country's Rights be their only call to war, and their exertions in its cause ever crowned with success.

13. The memory of our departed patriots and heroes.

14. *Our fair Countrywomen*: May their merit secure those affections which their beauty may engage, and happiness crown their connections.

After General Washington had withdrawn,

Our beloved Fellow-Citizen: May the evening of his life be as happy as its morning and meridian has been gloriously useful, and may the gratitude of his country be coeval with her existence.

The Vice President of the United States: May his eminent talents be long exercised with honour to himself and advantage to his country.

The ministers of foreign nations to the United States.

HY-

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following sketch of the nature and treatment of this disease, was taken by a student, attending Dr. Rush's lectures.

The Dr. supposes the rabid animal, say a dog, to labour under a malignant fever; and this he proves from a number of facts as its prevailing in Russia, and in Plymouth and Yorkshire in England, during the prevalence of malignant fevers; also from its being occasioned by some other causes which induce malignant fevers in the human species; and of course that the disease produced by the dog inflicting a wound in the flesh of a human creature, is simply a malignant fever.—This conclusion is drawn from its symptoms; its short duration; its appearance of blood; the Phænomena exhibited in the body, by dissection; and its speedy putrefaction after death.

The disease being the same as any other malignant or highly inflammatory fever; the remedies should be the same. These the doctor divides into two classes. The one *for preventing*, the other *for curing* the disease. Under the former he recommends cutting or burning away the wounded part, or pouring water for several hours on it, in order to wash out the infecting matter.—Also the use of a vegetable diet, such as has often been administered with success, to obviate malignity and death in the plague, small pox and other violent fevers.

To cure the disease, he recommends early and copious evacuations, and particularly blood letting. He mentions four well attested cases of profuse bleeding having effectually cured the disease. In one the patient lost 116, and in another 180 ounces of blood, by successive bleedings. In the third the quantity of blood lost, being from an accidental wound could not be measured, but it was supposed to be between 100 and 200 ounces.—In the fourth, the quantity of blood lost was but 30 ounces, but the strength of the disease was subdued afterwards by plentiful sweating.—After the fever, spasms, &c. are reduced, the Doctor advises the use of tonic remedies.—Also the exciting a salivation by Mercury; but adds “if bleeding be used early and plentifully it would not be often necessary.”

APPOINTMENTS.

Morgan Brown, of Tennessee; Collector and Inspector, for that District.

John McNairy, of do. District Judge.

Thomas Gray, of do. attorney of that District.

Robert Hays, of do. Marshal of do.

Richard

Richard Rodgers, of New-York, Naval Officer of that Port.
Matthias E. Sawyer, of North Carolina, Inspector and Surveyor, of Pasquotank river bridge.

Isaac Cox Barnet, of New-Jersey, Consul of the United States at the port of Brest, in France.

Elias Bachman, Consul for the United States at Gottenburg, in Sweden.

Francis Childs, of New-York, Consul at Genoa.

Conrad Frederick Wagner, Consul at Trieste.

William Vans Murry, to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Batavia.

Joel Barlow, of Connecticut, consul general for the city and kingdom of Algiers.

John Gavino, consul for the port of Gibralter, in the room of James Simpson, appointed consul for Morocco.

Procopio Jacinto Pollock, of Pennsylvania, consul for the port of New Orleans.

Frederick Folger, of Maryland, consul for the port and district of Aux-Cayes St. Domingo.

Charles Jackson, of Georgia, district attorney.

David Lenox, of Pennsylvania, agent to reside in the kingdom of Great Briton, for the relief and protection of American seamen, vice John Trumbull, appointed fifth commissioner, under the British treaty.

MARRIAGES.

At Boston, Grenville Temple, Esq. of New-York, to Mrs. Russel of the former place.

At Cazenovia, Herkimer county, on the 22nd ult. Mr. John Licklain, to Mrs. Helen Layard, of Aurora, Onondaga county.

At Montreal, on the 8th ult. Mr. Aitkinson Pattinson, to Miss Margaret M'Clement.

DEATHS.

At New-York—on the 2nd inst. Doctor Andrew Caldwell.

At Poughkipsie—Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey, wife of Theodorus Bailey, Esq.

At New-York, Mr. James Bennet.

At Albany, Nicholas Fonda Esq. of that city.

At Baltimore, Mr. Samuel Bevan.

At Hertford (Con.) Col. Samuel Talcot, of the former place.

At West-Chester, Mr. John Horton.

*Long live the brave Washington
of Honor to the brave*